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LEAVE YOUR RAZORS AT THE DOOR

WORDS BY DAVE. REED, JR
MUSIC BY CHAS. B. WARD
& AUTHOR OF
"THE BAND PLAYED ON"

THE SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH MUSIC ALBUM

SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
ST. LOUIS
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LEAVE YOUR RAZORS AT THE DOOR.

Words by DAVE REED JR. Music by CHAS. B. WARD.

Moderato.

Till Ready.

Oh a big bur ly nig - ger by de name of Brown Gave a
Ev - ry coon in the part - y ant - ed up his steel Took his

rag - time re - cep - tion in a dis yere town All his
gal up the stairs to have a rag - time reel But a

friends and re - la - tions with their blades came down For to
oh how em - bar - rased all the coons did feel When a

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ming - le in de grand sasshay When they reached the hall an aw - ful
fight was start - ed right a way Then down the stairs a lot of

sight they saw 'Twas a sign a hang-in' on de big front door They
coons did swoop Broke in to the of - fice in a cra - zy group Found that

read the lines a doz - en times or more 'Twas e
Brown and ra - zors too had flown the coop Then you

nough to turn a mans' hair gray Ev'-ry coon thought he'd drop
bet there was some fun to pay There'll be crepe on Browns front

dead For this is what he plain - ly read
door He'll nev - er flash this sign no more Leave your

Chorus.

ra - zors at the door Don't yer start no rag - time war Bet - ter put on some airs and leave your blades down stairs cause they ain't in style no more If you want some black man's gore ____ Don't carve him to the core But take a good size brick and do the job up quick Leave your

1 2

ra - zors at the door take in-structions Leave your door.